

## THE CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

DICK DOESN'T LIKE THE SYMONE BUTLER

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"Do you know, Margie," said Dick to me yesterday "the longer I live in this house and under this regime the less I blame Harry for his 'little escapade.'"

"Oh, Dick! how can you call that awful tragedy a little escapade?" I exclaimed and my heart sunk as it was brought home to me by Dick's remark that to all men the breaking of the seventh commandment is only a slight sin.

"Well, you can call it what you will but I want to tell you if I had to live in this atmosphere very long I would be driven to drink if not to something worse. No wonder Harry wanted to get away from the ever-lasting formality of this English butler. I'd like to stick a pin in him somewhere to see if he is really human or only a wooden automaton.

"I suppose these rich people get used to all this flummery and flub dub but I don't believe they like it. No decently normal man wants someone to do everything for him. No wonder Harry tried to get away from it all where there was a little freedom and comfort, where he could sit in his shirt-sleeves if he wished, literally as well as metaphorically. There is luxury to burn about this house, but if you ask me there is mighty little privacy or comfort.

"It makes me very uncomfortable to have a lot of people about watching to see if I'm going to do things in the proper manner. I expect that butler would drop dead if I came to dinner some night in my business suit."

"Why didn't you try him tonight?" I said laughing, "and I'll go down in a kimono."

"What, are you going to try to walk, Margie! Did the doctor say that you could?" asked Dick jumping up eagerly and coming over to me, his face full of gladness.

"Yes, he is coming to take the last

bandages off today and do you see those crutches over there? Well, I am going to try and use them. You know my burned foot is almost well. The doctor says I can bear my weight on it."

Much to my surprise Dick looked at me with wet eyes.

"Margie," he said, "you will never know what I suffered when I thought you were killed in that wreck and afterward when they told me you were probably not going to get well. I guess I almost went mad. Margie, now that I have had you I do not see how I could get along without you. I know I'm a brute, but all men have the brute in them. I don't mean to be mean and make you unhappy, for I love you always, even when I am most thoughtless and selfish.

"No one in this world do I love so much as I do you—indeed I do not think that I love anyone in this world but you."

Yes, you do, my dear Dick, you love yourself better than me or anyone else. I did not tell you this last night but I am writing it here.

Sometimes I think this striving to make a man love you more than he does himself, is only a bit of selfishness and vanity on the part of a woman. And I have come to the conclusion that there are just as many women who think of themselves first as there are men.

Dick is far from perfect, but who am I that should sit in judgment on him?

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

### THE TEST

"How can you tell when a woman is only shopping?"

"When she intends to buy, she asks to see something cheaper. When she's shopping, she asks if you haven't something more expensive in stock."